THE COURT SITUATION

When Astrid was arrested (September15), police and officials from the FDR arrived in England within the week. Under the extradition treaty with the German Government it was understood that the FDR had 4 weeks to prepare its case for her extradition. Since then it has been a story of promises, prevarications, and postponements from Graupner, the lawyer representing them. The first excuse offered was the voluminous amount of material from her Frankfurt trial that had to be translated. On October24, when the first application for bail was made, another two charges were introduced- both bank robbery. However, the series of deadlines promised for the evidence against Astrid to be submitted to her lawyers, have been most clearly abused in the weeks following the magistrate's refusal of bail. Graupner, in his now weekly appearances in court, started with gross misinformation about the timing of Astrid's disappearance from the FDR, continued with his personal fantasies of Latin American guerilla groups waiting to receive her; subsequently has interrupted both the defence lawyer and the magistrate when questionned on his Government's failure to meet deadlines. Anyone else showing this lack of respect for the court would have been stopped. (21.11.78) This same day brought the sum of 5 extra charges on top of the original one, so now the FDR has 6 charges against Astrid. The magistrate, Evelyn Russell was visibly irritated by his bad manners; he also took the point that a situation where extra charges could be added indefinitely, was unacceptable! He said that the constant delays should be seen as both legally difficult for the defence and stressful for Astrid. So a final.. final.. deadline was made for the 28.11.78. This week saw a different magistrate (do they rotate), who didn't seem at all interested in the history, and who accepted a deferral again! until this week. 5.12.78. It seems that the legal apparatus here hasn't exactly stood up to this stressful situation, which is now becoming more of a waiting game as the weeks go by. Any trial will now clearly be after Christmas.

BRIXTON

Astrid, who from her detention has been created a top-terrorist prisoner, is held, as a Category A prisoner in Brixton, a men's prison. Originally with two other women, Iris Hills and Khaloud Muzrabi, a young Lebanese woman, she is now with only Khaloud, since Iris got bail. This means a real isolation, as they are both cut off from association with the male prisoners, and are continuously heavily guarded. We gave more detail in a press statement produced for the picket of Brixton prison, demanding the transferral of women to Holloway, a women's prison in N. London.(21.11.78) In this statement we've used parts of Astrid's letters to describe conditions.

" ~~It is so fucking freezing in here~~

" After 4.30 when the doors close I feel mostly completely empty from the daily/deadly routine. I can't do much during the day, this morning they went through all my stuff again, page for page, letter for letter, I just felt I don't want to have anything any more, just felt like throwing the whole lot after them. This moving and stripsearching is utterly unbearable. It really freaked me out today. Khaloud is now looking to all afternoon if I don't do

anything with her. She doesn't go on exercise, she doesn't get visits. So she is up here all day, i tell you it's hard to deal all the time with another person's pain and despair, particularly if she doesn't get anything in nothing changes, not even for an hour. I now decided to do each day and hour English or Arabic and an hour math with her.

Yesterday I had a row about the people up here reading your letters before giving them to me two hours later, When the mail comes up here it's already opened and read and searched and fotocopied and God knows what, so they fucking sitting there, virtually in front of me and doing it again. I am also utterly fed up about the fact that every fortnight some other woman wants to take charge of my life, and here I go like from scratch battling about every book, apple or photo I have or not have. This is what my days are about. Of course they take you serious up here, in Germany they just put you in a cell and forget about you, here they constantly create the environment for you, the terrorist imprisoned.
16.11.78

I like to transfer to Holloway prison, there I could be with many other prisoners, I could also work, what I want to. I feel like a walking, talking sex magazine in Brixton. On my way to the visits I pass several screws on post before or behind locked gates, always with an open sex magazine in front of them. They look up from the pages onto me, get up, lock/open and sit down again to their readings. On the way back to the same proceadure. On exercise I get called all sorts of things, men call my name and sometimes if I say yes they give me one. Honestly, if I write what I get to here, what I'm made to be subject= of, this letter would not pass.

We are not Category A prisoners, we are "special category with Category A" - a statement from a prison official. I wonder if this could be officially explained, I wonder if this could be officially explained where in fact the dangers to society of my/her existence are manifest (to be detained in Brixton). It is so important internally and externally to constantly question this.
20.11.78